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CHAPTER XVII.

The Mountebank and the Hunchback. Up the Mount with shambling step, head down-bent and the same stupid expression on his face, the mountebank went docilely, though not silently. To one of the soldiers at his side he spoke often, voicing that dull apprehension he had manifested when first ordered into custody.

"Do you think they'il put me in dungeon?"

"Dungeon, indeed!" the man answered not ill-naturedly. "For such as you! No, no! They'll keep the oubliettes, calottes, and all the dark holes for people of consequence-traitors, or your fine gentry consigned by lettres de cachet."

"Then what do you think they will do with me?"

"Wait, and find out!" returned the soldier roughly, and the mountebank spoke no more for some time; held his head lower, until, regarding him, his guardian must needs laugh. "Here's a craven-hearted fellow! Well, if you really want to know, they'll probably lock you up for the night with the rest of rag-tag," indicating the other prisoners, a short distance ahead, "in the cellar, or almonry, or auberge des voleurs; and in the morning, if you're lucky and the Governor has time to attend to such few stripes and a warning."

thieves' inn!" said the man. "What your tongue to yourself!"

"Bah! You want to know too much! If now your legs only moved as fast completed the sentence with a significant jog on the other's shoulders. Whereupon the mountebank quickened his footsteps, once more ceased his questioning. It was the soldier who had not yet spoken, but who had greeted the eye. been pondering a good deal on the way up, who next broke the silence. "How did it end, Monsieur Mounte-

The man who had begun to breathe hard, as one not accustomed to climbing, or wearled by a long pilgrimage to the Mount, at the question ventured to stop and rest, with a hand on an alien edifice amid loftier piles, the granite balustrade of the little platform they had just reached. "In the death of the peasant, and a comic chorus of frogs," he answered. "A comic chorus!" said the soldier

"That must be very amusing." "It is," the mountebank said, at the same time studying, from where he

stood, different parts of the Mount with cautious, sidelong looks; "but my poor frogs!-all torn! trampled!" "Well, well!" said the other not unkindly. "You can mend them when

you get out." "When!" If I only knew when that

pour etre oublie!-to be forgotten?"

won't be buried alive for some time custody?" to come, at least!"

"Pardon!" muttered the mountebank. "The hill-it is very steep." "You look strong enough to climb a dozen hills, and if you're holding back

for a chance to escape-" "No, no!" protested the man. "I had tried, your sword-

"Quite right. I'd-" "There, there!" said the other soldier, a big, good-natured appearing fellow. "He's harmless enough, and," as once more they moved on, "that tune of yours, 'Monsieur Mountebank," ab-

ruptly; "it runs in my head. Let me see-how does it go? The second verse, I mean-" "Beat! beat!

Mid marsh-muck and mire, For if any note Escapes a frog's throat, Beware my lord's ire!"

"Yes; that's the one. Not bad!" humming-

"For if any note Escapes a frog's throat Beawre my lord's ire!"

"Are the verses your own?" "Oh, no! 'I'm only a poor player.' said the mountebank humbly. "But an honest one," he added after a pause, "and this thieves' inn, Monsieur?" returning to the subject of his possible fate, "this auberge des voleurs-that sounds like a bad place for an honest lodging."

"It was once under the old monks, who were very merry fellows; but since the Governor had it restored, it has become a sober and quiet place. It is true there are iron bars instead of blinds, and you can't come and go, as they used to, but-"

"Is that it-up there?" And the mountebank pointed toward a ledge of rock, with strong flanking buttresses, outjutting beneath a mysterious-looking wall and poised over a sparsely wooded bit of the lower Mount. "The gray stone building you can just see above the ramparts, and that opening in the cliff to the right, with some thing running down-that looks like planking-"

"Oh, that is for the wheel-"

"The wheel?"

"The great wheel of the Mount! It was built in the time of the monks, and was used for-"

hind them. For the first time in that isolated domain of the dreaded Governor, the morntebank appeared momentarily to forget his fears and gazed with interest around him. On every side new and varying details unfolded to the eye; structures that from below were etched against the sky in filmy lines, here resolved themselves into vast,

Troid your tongue!" said the other

soldier, and the trio entered the great

gate, which had opened at their ap-

proach, and now closed quickly be-

solid, but harmonious masses. Those ribbons of color that had seemed to fall from the wooing sky, to adorn these heights, proved, indeed, fallacious; more somber effects, the black touches of age, confronted the eye everywhere, save on one favored front-that of a newer period, an architectural addition whose intricate carvings and beautiful roses of stone invited and caught the warmer rays; whose little balcony held real buds and flowers, bright spots of pink dangling from, or nestling at, the window's

"Yonder looks like some grand lady's bower," as he followed his captors past this more attractive edifice, the mountebank ventured to observe "Now, perhaps, lives there-"

"Hark you, my friend," one of the soldiers bruskly interrupted; "a piece as you, it may be you'll escape with a of advice. His Excellency likes rot babblers, neither does he countenance "The auberge des voleurs!-the gossip; and if you'd fare well, keep

"I'll-I'll try to remember," said the mountebank docilely, but as he spoke, looked back toward the balcony; at as your tongue-" And the speaker the gleaming reflection full on its windows; then a turn in the way cut off the pleasing prospect, and only the grim foundations of the lofty, heavier structure on one hand and the massive masonry ramparts on the other

For some distance they continued along the narrow way, the mountebank bending lower under his load bank?-the scene with the devil, I and observing the injunction put upon him, until the path, broadening, led them abruptly on to a platform where a stone house of ancient construction barred their further progress. But two stories in height, this building, stood sturdly perched on a precipitous cliff. The rough stonework of its front, darkened by time, made it seem almost a part of the granite itself, although the roof, partly demolished and restored, imparted to it an anomalous distinctness, the bright new tile prominent as patches on some dilapidated garment. In its doorway, beneath a monkish inscription, well-nigh obliterated, stood a dwarf, or hunchback, who, jingling a bunch of great keys, ill-humoredly regarded the approaching trio.

"What now?" The little man's welwould be! What if I should have to come, as mountebank and soldiers stay here like some of the others?- | came within earshot, was not reassuring. "Isn't it enough to make prison-"If you don't get on faster," said ers of all the scamps in Christendom the soldier who had first spoken, "you without taking vagabond players into

> "Orders, good Jacques!" said one of the soldiers in a conciliatory tone. The commandant's!"

"The commandant!" grumbled the grotesque fellow. "It is all very well," jailer. mimicking: "'Turn them over to Jacques. He'll find room.' If 'this no thought-do I not know that if I keeps on, we'll soon have to make cages of confessionals, or turn the wine-butts in the old cellar into oubli-

> ettes." "If any of our ancient flavor lingers in the casks, your guests would have little reason to complain!" returned the other soldier. "But this fellow, he'll make no trouble-"

> "Oh, I suppose we'll have to take care of him!" muttered the dwarf. "In the thieves' inn there's always room for one more!" Obeying the gesture, at once menacing and imperious, that accompanied these words, the mounte-



bank, who had been eyeing his prohalf-friendly interest in the play.

piece he began, when the maledic- know of not here-?

tions and abuse of the misshapen keeper put a stop to further conversation and sent the mountebank posthaste into the darkness of the cavern- and stepped down the hall, followed like hall intersecting the ground floor. by the soldiers, mountebank and On either side closed doors, vaguely dwarf, the last of whom took leave of

chambers they guarded; the atmosphere, dark and close, proclaimed the liquid drops about to fall, caressed sunlight long a stranger there. At the with silvery rays the granite piles. end of the hall the dwarf, who had In contrast to the noisome atmosphere walked with the assurance of one well of the prison, faint perfumes, borne acquainted with that musty interior from some flowery slope of the disand all it contained, paused; shot tant shore, swept languorously in and sharply a bolt and threw open a door. Out the open aisles and passages of

The action was the signal for a chorus the Mount. In such an hour that upof hoarse voices from within, and the per region seemed to belong entirely little man stayed not on the order of to the sky; to partake of its wondrous his going, but, thrusting the mounte- stillness; to share its mysteries and bank across the threshold, leaped its secrets. Like intruders, penetratnimbly back, slammed hard the door, ing an enchanted spot, now they trod and locked it.

followed, and, facing the company that light. crowded the dingy little room almost ner. A few, formerly spectators of his in!" he announced abruptly. depositing his burden on the stone stairs. floor, seated himself on a stool with

his back to the wall. one produced dice, another cards, and, sentence.

What did you see?" "Only a chasm in the sands." "The sands!" said the man. "Cursed

the day I set foot on them!" To this malediction the other did not answer; stepped down and, again seated in his corner, waited, while the light that had grudgingly entered the narrow aperture grew fainter. With the growing darkness the atmosphere seemed to become closer, more foul; but although he breathed with difficulty, the mountebank suffered no sign of impatience or concern to escape him; only more alertly looked and listened-to a night bird cleaving the air without; to muttered sounds, thieves' patois, or snatches of ribald mirth within; and, ere long, to new complainings.

"Our supper! What of our supper?" "The foul fiend take the auberge des voleurs and its landlord?" "Vrai dieu! Here he comes!" as

the footsteps were heard without. And the door, opening, revealed, indeed, in the rushlight, now dimly illuminating the hall, the hunchback, not laden, however, with the longedfor creature comforts, but emptyhanded; at his back the commandant

and a number of soldiers. "You fellow with the dolls!" Blinkrose, "you are wanted."

"Wanted?" repeated the player, bunch of roses opened stepping forward. "Where?" "At the palace," said the comman-

dant

can want me there?" "Who?" he repeated mockingly.

"Her ladyship!"

commanded your presence."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Mountebank and My Lady. have seen the start the mountebank brows she entered. gave. "Impossible!"

"Eh? What?" Surprised in turn, yourself at home?" the officer gazed at him. "You dareout with him!" To the soldiers.

bank recovered his old demeanor, and, bright and distinct in contrast to the without waiting for the troopers to faint, vari-colored tints of ancient obey the commandant's order, walked embroideries on the wall. Above, the voluntarily toward the door and into light threw a shimmer on the deepthe passage.

ber of the prisoners, crowding for half-amused look in her brown eyes. ward, began once more to call lustily, "Or, perhaps, you are one of those when again was the disk-studded who think the peasants will some day woodwork swung unceremoniously to, sit, while the lords and ladies stand? cutting short the sound of their lamentations.

"Dogs!" Malevolently the dwarf awkward. gazed back. "To want to gorge themselves on a holy day!"

made a model landlord!" "When not interfered with!" grum- yours, which I witnessed today-"

bled the other. "At any rate he doesn't seem to ap- was-" preciate his good fortune," with a "Yes," imperiously, "I was there! glance at the mountebank.

to step blithely at a great lady's com- their baser passions! But you, of mand! 'your Ladyship overwhelms course, could not know-or care, me!'" bowing grotesquely. "'Your Ladyship's condescension'—"

terposed the mountebank quickly. resentment." "Can you not tell her ladyship I am not fit to appear in her presence-an uncouta clown-"

swered the commandant. "But how came her ladyship to

"How indeed? "And what does she want of me?" "That," roughly, "you will find out!"

discerned, hinted at the secrets of the them at the door. Clear was the night; the stars, like

soft shadows; then, clangorous, beat Cries of disappointment and rage beneath foot delicate laceworks of

"Here we are!" The officer stopped. to suffocation, the latest comer found At the same time upon a nearby balhimself confronted by unkempt people cony a nightingale began to sing, tenwho shook their fists threateningly tatively, as if trying the scope and and execrated in no uncertain man- quality of its voice. "You are to go

little play, inclined again to vent their "Such a fine palace! I-I would humor on him, but he regarded them rather not!" muttered the fellow, as as if unaware of their feeling; pushed they crossed an outer, threshold and none too gently to a tiny window, and, proceeded to mount some polished

"Stubborn dolt. Now in you march," pausing before a door. "But, hark As a squally gust soon blows itself you! I and my men remain without. out, so their temper, mercurial, did So, mind your behavior, or-" A look not long endure; from a ragged coat from the commandant completed the

although there were few sous to ex- Alone, in an apartment of the palchange hands, the hazard of tossing ace, some moments later, the mounteand shuffling exercised its usual bank's demeanor underwent a quick charm and held them. The minutes change; he glanced hastily toward the wore away; motionless in his corner, door the commandant had closed in the mountebank now watched; then leaving, and then, with sudden brightwith his head on his elbow, seemed ening gaze, around him, as if making sunk in thought. Once he rose; stood note of every detail of his surroundon his stool and looked out between ings. Set with columns of warmthe heavy bars of the narrow window, bued marble, relieved with ornate "Not much chance to get out that carvings and designs, the spacious way," observed a fellow prisoner, chamber presented an appearance at once graceful and charming. Nor



"But My Livelihood!"

were its furnishings at variance with its architectural elegance; on every hand soft colors met the eye, in rugs ing in the glare of the torches, the of ancient pattern; in tapestries, subdwarf peered in. "Where are you? dued; in the upholstering of Breton Come along!" as the mountebank oak. A culminating note was in the center of the room, where a great petals.

But briefly, however, the clown per mitted himself to survey, or study "The palace!" stopping short. "Who these details of refinement and lux ury; the swift eager interest that "Who?" The dwarf made a grimace. had shone from the dark eyes gave way to an expression, lack-luster and "Her ladyship," said the command- stupid; his countenance once more ant, with a reproving glance at the resumed its blank, stolid aspect. As if unconscious of the anomalous figure he presented, mechanically had he "Haven't you ears, my man?" The seated himself; was gazing down, commandant frowned and made an when through a doorway, opposite the impatient gesture. "Come, bestir your one by which the commandant had self! The Governor's daughter has left, a slender form appeared. Under the heavy, whitened lids a slight movement of the clown's eyes alone betrayed he was aware of that new presence. A moment the girl stood there, her glance resting on the gro "The Governor's daughter!" Had tesque, bent figure before her; then the light been stronger they must with a quizzical lift of the delicate

"You believe, no doubt, in making

Crossing to the table, once more she stopped; her figure, sheathed in But in a moment had the mounte- a gown of brocade of rose, glowed burnished gold of her hair; the sweep-"Our supper! Our supper!" A num- ing lashes veiled the half-disdainful,

"I don't know," he managed to answer, but got up, only to appear more "You do not seem to know very

much, indeed!" she returned, her tone "Pious Jacques!" murmured the changing to one of cold severity. "Not commandant. "But I always said you enough, perhaps, to perceive the mischief you may cause! That play of "You! Today? Your Ladyship

And heard and saw the effect it had "No," jeering. "A gallant cavalier on the people; how it stirred all thinking only of the sous!-that, instead of teaching a lesson, the piece "Why, then, need you take me?" in- would only move them to anger, or "I-your Ladyship-great lords have

commended the play-" "Great lords!" she began, but "Bah! I've already done that," an- stopped; regarded her listener and

shrugged her shoulders. A few moments silvece lasted the telics apparently not Enowing what to say, or if he was expected to say anything, while, for her part, the girl no longer looked at him, but at the flowers, taking one, which she turned in her fingers.

"Your Ladyship would command

"To give the play no more!" "But-" Expostulation shone from his look. "In which event you shall be suf-

fered to go free tomorrow." "But my livelihood! What shall I do, if I am forbidden to earn-" She gave him a colder look. "I have

poken to the commandant; told him

what I had seen, and that I did not think you intended to make trouble. Your case will, therefore, not be reported to his Excellency. Only," with a warning flash, "if you are again caught giving the play, you must expect to receive your deserts.'

"Of course! If your Ladyship commands!" dejectedly. "I do! But, as an offset to the cop-

pers you might otherwise receive, will give you a sum of money sufficient to compensate you.' "Your Ladyship is so generous!" He

made an uncouth gesture of gratitude and covetousness. "May I ask your Ladyship how much-"

"How much?" scornfully. "But I suppose-"

The words died away; her glance fell; lingered on the hand he had extended. Muscular, shapely, it seemed not adapted to the servile gesture; was most unlike the hand of clod or clown. Moreover, it was marked with a number of wounds, half-healed, which caught and held her look.

"Of course, I am so poor, your Ladyship-" he began, in yet more abject tone, but stopped, attracted in turn by the direction of her gaze; then, meeting it, quickly withdrew the hand and thrust it into his pocket. Not in time, however, to prevent a startled light, a swift gleam of recollection from springing into her eyes! The movement itself - ironically very enough!-was not without precedent. "You!" She recoiled from him, "The

Black-" As a man who realizes he has betrayed himself, he bit his lips; but attempted no further subterfuge. The shambling figure straightened; the dull eyes grew steady; the bold selfpossession she remembered well on another occasion again marked his bearing.

"Your Ladyship has discerning eyes," he remarked quietly, but as he spoke glanced and moved a little toward the window.

My lady stood as if dazed. He, the Black Seigneur, there, in the palace! Mechanically she raised her hand to her breast; she was very pale. On he balcony the nightingale, grown confident, burst into a flood of variations; a thousand trills and fullthreated notes filled the room.

"I understand now," at length she found voice, "why that fancy came to me below, when I was listening to the play on the platform. But why have you come-to the very Mount itself?" Her voice trembled a little. "You! On the beach the people tried to stop

"You saw that, too?" "And you knew the play would make trouble! You wanted it to," quickly. "For what purpose? To get into the upper part of the Mount? To have them arrest—bring you here She looked at him with sudden ter-

ror. "My father! Waz it to-" A low, distinct rapping at the door she had entered, interrupted them. She started and looked fearfully around. At the same time the mountebank stepped back to the side of a great bronze in front of the balcony. where, standing in the shadow, ho was screened.

"Elise!" a voice called out. The flower the girl had been holding fell to the floor.

"My-" she began, when the door opened and the Governor stood on the threshold.

(To Be Continued.)

VIRGINIA.

In the Clerk's Office of the Corpora-ion Court of the City of Alexandria, a the 21st day of May, 1912. EAE C. RAMSBURG VS. WELTY O. RAE C. RAMSBURG VS. WELTY O.

LAMSBURG, in Chancery.

Memo. The object of this suit is to
obtain for the plaintiff a divorce from
oed and board from the defendant upon
he grounds of wilful desertion and
doundonment; and when the said wilul desertion and abandonment has
seen for more than three years, then
o obtain an absolute divorce, with the
ight to resume the plaintiff's maiden ght to resume the plaintiff's maider

It appearing by an affidavit filed n this cause that the defendant, Welty O. Ramsburg, is a non-resident f this State:

It is Ordered, That said defendant ppear here within lifteen days after the number of the state. It is Ordered, That said detendant appear here within fifteen days after like publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect her interests in this suit, and that a copy of this order be inserted in the Alexandria Gazette, a newspaper published in the City of Alexandria, once a week for four successive weeks, and posted at the front door of the Court House of chis city.

this city.

SAMUEL G. BRENT, P. Q.

A copy—Teste: NEVELL S. GREENAWAY, Clerk.

VIRGINIA.

In the Clerk's office of the Corporation Court of the City of Alexandria, on the 23rd day of May, 1912.
GRACE ELLZABETH TAYLOR YERKES vs. ARTHUR WATTS YERKES.

GRACE ELIZAMETH
KES VS. ARTHUR WATTS YERKES, in Chancery.

Memo. The object of this suit is to obtain for the complainant, Grace Elizabeth Taylor Yerkes, an absolute divorce from the bonds of matrimony from the defendant. Arthur Watts Yerkes; and for such turther and general rellef as to equity is right.

It appearing by an affidavit filed in this cause that the defendant. Arthur Watts Yerkes, is a non-resident of this State:

It is Ordered. That said defendant appear here within fifteen days after due publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect his interests in this suit, and that a copy of this order be forthwith inserted in the Alexandria Gazette, a newspaper published in the City of Alexandria, once a week for four successive weeks, and posted at the front door of the Court House of this city.

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spective host not without visible signs of misgiving, reluctantly entered. But as he did so, he looked back; toward the soldier who had displayed "If you care to know more about the